

CHARIVARIA.

SIR HERBERT TREE has been reviving *The Van Dyck* at His Majesty's. A roaring farce entitled *The Du Vinci* would have been more topical.

"The United States Navy is able to make the proud boast that in the new battleship, *North Dakota*, it possesses the fastest Dreadnought in the world," says a cablegram. We do not like this hint that Americans would ever boast about anything: and it is sure to cause irritation on the other side of the Atlantic.

If Sir WILLIAM WILLCOCKS' Mesopotamian proposals be carried out it will be possible to travel by rail to The Garden of Eden. With increased facilities of this sort we see no reason why it should not be possible to found there a successful colony of Classical Dancers.

At last, apparently, a serious attempt is to be made to improve our climate. In an article on the forthcoming Japanese-British Exhibition, we read that there will be brought to Shepherd's Bush next year "not only the material objects, but also the very atmosphere, of Japan."

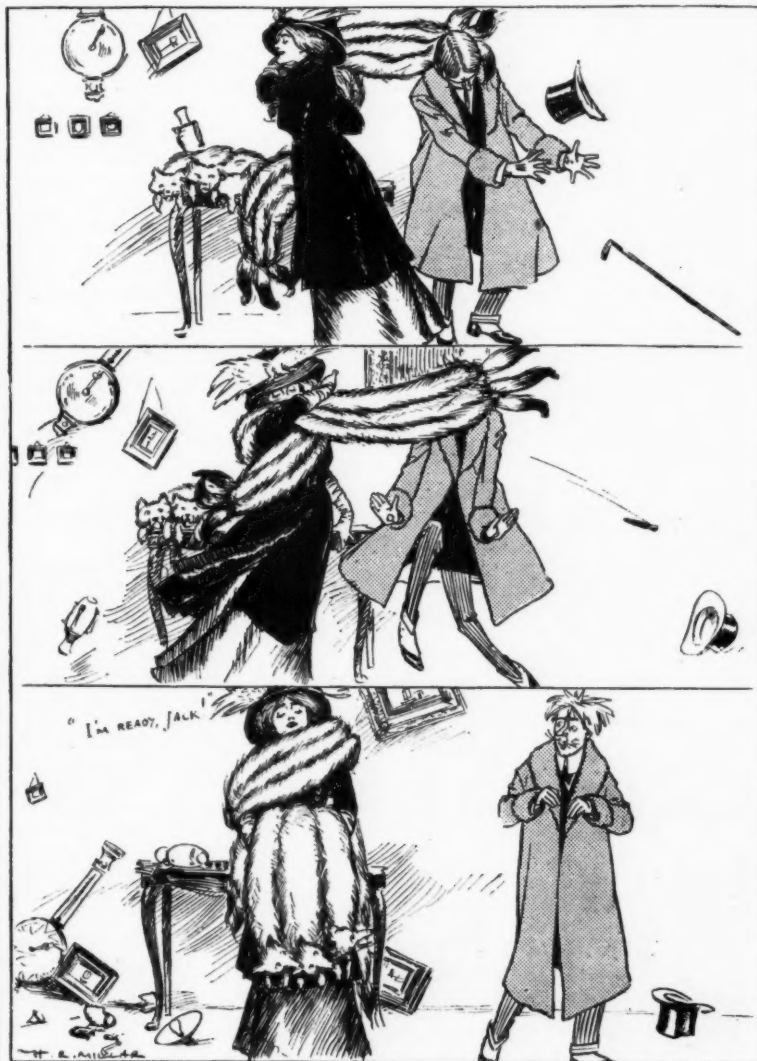
More practical politics! Some of the gentlemen who were attacked at Erith when they heckled Mr. URE were relieved of their watches and chains.

Under the title of *The Central Criminal Court of London* a sumptuous volume has been published at the price of £8 8s. 0d., enshrining the history of crime in the Metropolis. The fact that a worthy monument to their labours has at last made its appearance has caused lively satisfaction to those concerned, and they hope that a popular edition at sixpence will soon be placed on the market.

An official report on the teaching of English in elementary schools condemns the Cockney accent. A curious feature of this evil is that it is by no means confined to the lower classes. Accents happen in the best regulated families.

Writing in *The Express* about a collection of 90,000 reproductions of pictures made by a Hammersmith gentleman, a correspondent says, "Everything is indexed so that in a moment you can turn from GAINSBOROUGH to HAL HURST." But why should you want to?

The Manchester Guardian, discussing the mystery of the Dukinfield murder, winds up with the question, "What is one to make of it?" At least half a column, we should say, speaking as practical journalists.



THE NEW FASHION.

BEWARE THE FUR—WHEN IT FLIES.

"Why are Actors underpaid?" was the title of an address by Mr. CECIL RALEIGH to the Dramatic Debaters. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and Mr. HARRY LAUDER will be glad to hear that this grave injustice is at last receiving attention.

In its account of the football match between England and Sweden, a contemporary tells us that "at the interval England led by 3 goals to 0, STAPLEY (two) and OWEN having snored." What need is there to cry, "Wake up, England!" when we can do as well as this in our sleep?

The literary bargain of the week—*The Dollar Princess* for 1s.

How to See the Comet.

A local paper on HALLEY:

"It is now a month since the comet announced its return by impressing the photographic plate, but it will probably not be seen by the naked until shortly after the New Year."

L'Entente Cordiale.

MARCEL PRÉVOST in *The Figaro*:

"Les Anglais pris en masse ont une culture médiocre."

"Foemina" in *The Figaro*:

"Pris en masse les Anglais ne sont pas très intelligents."

Come, come; it is time we pulled ourselves together and impressed these foreigners.

THE NEW LIBERALISM.

[The *Daily News*, in passing severe comments upon the retirement of that stout buttress of Nonconformity, Sir ROBERT PERKS, permits itself to make the following observation:—"The truth is that antagonism to the Church is not a sufficient basis for Liberalism in these days."]

Ah, for the easy days of old

When there was no tough test to pass

Before you got your name enrolled

Among the Liberal fighting class;

One question served—'twas all you got:—

"Are you agin the Church, my hearty?"

You said, "I am!" and on the spot

Became a pillar of the Party.

No candidate was ever ploughed

(The Limehouse test was still unknown)

Because he wouldn't curse aloud

All social castes above his own.

They didn't say, as now they do,

"Your claims we cannot yet determine

Without a guarantee that you

Regard our Dukes as simple vermin."

Yes, those were easier days, for then

You might preserve a Liberal mind

And yet believe that honest men

Occur among the landlord kind;

You might, without undue alarm,

Be seen in converse with a brewer,

Or take a plural voter's arm

As though his soul was not a sewer.

It was enough in that fair age,

When PERKS's rose was still in bud,

If Liberals spent their pious rage

In shouting for the Church's blood;

But now in younger, hardier breasts

New forms of hate must have their places,

Or else the whole caboodle rests

Upon an "insufficient basis."

O. S.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

No prudent Commoner forgets,

When Lords are all the rage:—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,

Nor iron bars a cage."

Change the metre when you're pressed;

Ask for what you cannot reach;

This is more than all the rest:—

NEVER PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH.

THE point of the above quotation (selected at random from a praiseworthy poem of my own, entitled *Alone I Did It*) is in the last line. The remainder may be safely neglected. The moral of it is this. If ever you descend to writing articles upon the ease of travelling first-class with a third-class ticket, and illustrate your theory with a purely imaginary instance, let the matter rest there. Take what money you can get for your article, but try to forget your beautiful theory as soon as possible. Above all, do not do as I did.

The train intended to run from Paddington to Birmingham without a stop, and for all I know it did so. I intended to go by that train to Birmingham, but, if the third-class carriages became too full to hold anybody else, I meant to be that somebody else. So I sat in the rear of the platform on an empty milk-can (that was part of the theory) and let the other passengers arrange themselves, facing the engine or not as they preferred.

When it was getting somewhere near starting time, I

walked along the train to have a look at its fulness; and never in my life have I seen so many vacant places in third-class compartments. Possibly you would have boldly taken your seat in a first-class carriage and chanced it, but I happened to know that it was a corridor train, that an inspector examined the tickets *en route*, and that all the room under the seats was occupied by the warming apparatus.

When I rather think of doing something, especially if there is an element of wickedness about it, and upon investigation find it to be impossible, I at once become determined to do it at all costs. So I had another look at the train and found that the last coach was not connected by a corridor to the rest of the train and that every third-class seat in that particular coach was full. "Providence," I said to myself, "is engaged on this job," and I started to enter the one first-class compartment in the coach. But I did not get further than the start, because I saw a man in uniform hovering. On these occasions I hate talking to men in uniform. Instead, I walked sharply out of the station for a hundred yards or so, and waited there until there was only a minute left before my time of departure. Then I sprinted sharply for the first-class compartment of the last coach again.

It is astonishing how many railway officials one can interview in how short a time. I imagine that I had about seven conversations before that train started to move. The whole staff of one of England's greatest railways seemed bent on nothing else but getting me out of my carriage. They asked to see my ticket, but I was too exhausted by my rush to catch my train to hear what they said. They wanted to know where I was going and (so it seemed to me from their gesticulations) why I was going there, what I was going to do when I got there and when they might expect me back. None of these questions seemed to me to be worth answering. Besides, there was probably some catch in them.

I only got rid of my interviewers when the train started, and even then one of them stood on the step, so anxious was he to finish what he had got to say.

"Where are you going, Sir?" he asked.

"What?" I said. After all I had to say something.

"Where are you going, Sir?" he repeated.

"Where are you coming to?" was my natural retort. "I'll tell you all about myself, if you'll tell me all about yourself. Will you start first?"

Before he could answer that he had to leave me. We were very nearly clear of the station altogether, and, had he put off the bitter parting any longer, he would have had to wait until the next station for some more platform to jump on. Rather than appear rude, I leant out of the window to wave a farewell to him. "I forgive you," I shouted. "Take it from me that I am going to Birmingham."

I alighted from my coach at Reading, because the coach was a slip coach and Reading was the place where it slipped. During the course of interviews with another score or so of officials, I made two important announcements. The first (which was inaccurate) was that I was about to report for misconduct the guard, the ticket-inspectors, the engine-driver, the stoker, all the officials at Paddington, all the officials at Reading and all the signalmen on the intervening system; the second (which was entirely true) that Reading seemed to me the most loathsome spot I had ever had the misfortune to visit.

"Lieutenant Shackleton's knighthood was inevitable, nevertheless it will be heartily approved."—*Northern Whig*.

This sounds generous; but, after all, the public gets quite a fair proportion of surprises.

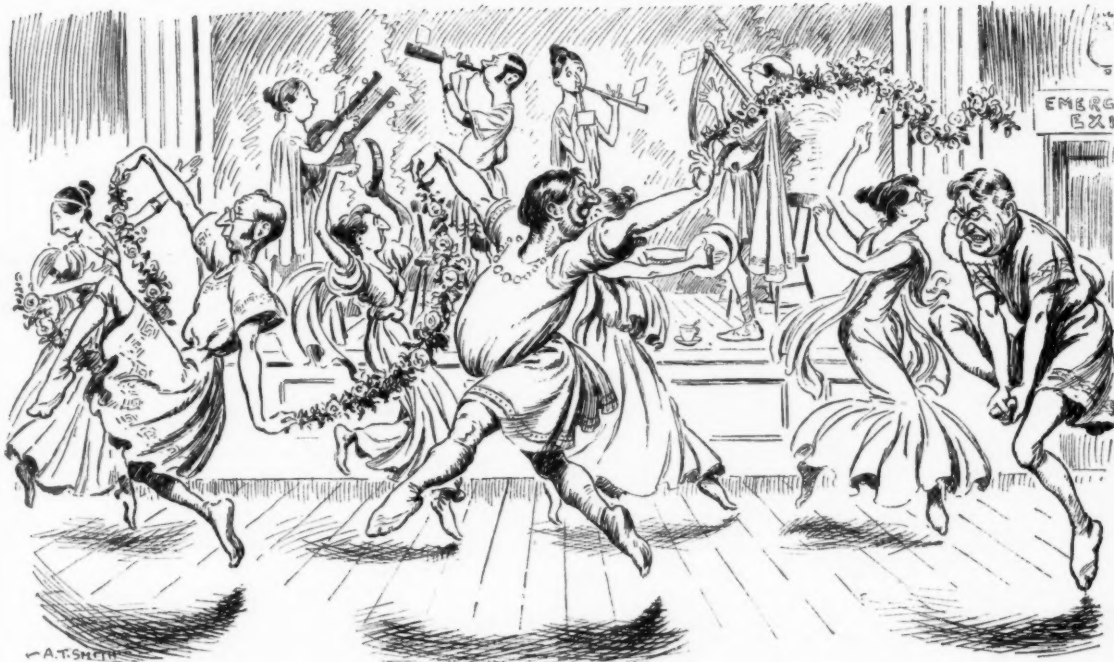


BETWEEN TWO SCHOOLS.

PROFESSOR BALFOUR. "AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, THE QUESTION IS WHETHER THIS ADMIRABLE BUST IS TO BE ASSIGNED TO THE SCHOOL OF COBDEN OR TO THAT OF CHAMBERLAIN."

[Art circles in England and Germany are still agitated by the controversy about a wax bust, which some ascribe to Leonardo da Vinci and others to Richard Cockle Lucas. Even the German Kaiser's pronouncement in favour of Leonardo has left the matter unsettled.]





SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 2.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE REVIVAL OF CLASSICAL DANCING.

PLEA FOR A "WORKING MAN."

WHENE'ER my morning sheet I scan
I learn that now the "Working Man,"
Proceeding on a novel plan
Of Give and Take,
For the first time since Work began
Is on the make.

His broad ideal seems to be
Getting his needs — and comforts —
free;
And as it's natural that he
Shan't pay the bill,
The victim with the L. S. D.,
Put bluntly, will.

A game in which you're bound to win
Has charm for those that toil and spin,
Tho' to the man that has the tin
It may seem hard;
But whereabouts do I come in?
I am a bard.

I grant you that my trade is low,
And wanting in the outer show
Of decent Toil, so let that go:
What I impress
Is, Dignity of Labour, No;
But Labour, Yes.

The proud exclusive Sons of Toil,
What reck they of the midnight oil,
Of barren labours that recoil
After they're done,

Of Editors who make one boil
To give them one?

They do their simple task per day—
The minimum—and pass away
To smoke, to drink, perchance to play,
Just as they like;
Men whom the poet's rate of pay
Would send on strike.

Why, when in envious moods I think
Of all they have to spend on drink,
While, for the bard, the household sink
Fulfils his need,
It is enough to freeze one's ink;
It is, indeed.

What tho' the hand the Muse employs
Is no more horny than a boy's?
What tho' I wear no corduroys
On my two stumps?
(I tried to, but their creaky noise
Gave me the jumps.)

But what of that? I ask you, what?
I say, let class distinctions rot!
And if there's boodle to be got
By Working Men,
Am I a "Working" Man or not?
Very well, then.

By barren toil and meagre screw,
O Workers, I am one with you;
And, if there's anyone to do,
By all means do't;
Only I mean to be there too
And share the loot.

DUM-DUM.

Lessons from Life.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—If our weekly "illustrated" papers have long ago sacrificed art to photography, no one can complain that they have grown either less instructive or less in touch with the times. Week by week they teach us more and more about the actualities of the hour. Take the current number of *The Graphic*. As I write (Nov. 11) there lies before me a very beautiful study—a photograph, I need hardly say—of a pastoral valley in late autumn. In the old days this might have appeared at any time of the year, and they would have simply called it "Autumn" or "Late Autumn," and left it at that. But to-day we are informed in a footnote: "*This picture represents a scene now being enacted all over the country, reminding one that winter is not far off.*"

Don't you think, dear Mr. Punch, that this kind of thing is very, very good for us?

Yours ever,

A CHILD IN THESE MATTERS.

"PURE CEYLON TEA,"

PER 1s. 9d. LB. NET.

Packed in 1lb. Lead-covered Packets.
Twice the Size of an ordinary Packet of tea,
Advt. in "Western Morning News."

Reference is apparently made to the ordinary half-pound packet.

THE LETTER N.

A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE.

I.

From the copy paper of Harold Pippett, only reporter for "The Easterham Herald."

INQUIRIES which have been made by one of our representatives yield the gratifying tidings that Kildin Hall, the superb Tudor residence vacated a year or so ago by Lord Glossthorpe, is again let. The new tenant, who will be a valued addition to the neighbourhood, is Mr. Michael Stirling, a retired banker.

II.

From "The Easterham Herald," Sept. 2.

Inquiries which have been made by one of our representatives yield the gratifying tidings that Kildin Hall, the superb Tudor residence vacated a year or so ago by Lord Glossthorpe, is again let. The new tenant, who will be a valued addition to the neighbourhood, is Mr. Michael Stirling, a retired baker.

III.

Mr. Guy Lander, Estate Agent, to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

DEAR TED,—There's a fearful bloomer in your paper this week which you must put right as soon as you can. Mr. Stirling, who has taken Kildin, is not a baker, but a banker. Yours, G. L.

IV.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mr. Guy Lander.

MY DEAR GUY,—Of course it's only a misprint. Pippett wrote "banker" right enough, and the ass of a compositor dropped out the "n." I'll put it right next week. No sensible person would mind. Yours, EDWARD ROBB.

V.

Mrs. Michael Stirling to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

SIR,—My attention has been called to a very serious misstatement in your paper for Saturday last. It is there stated that my husband, Mr. Michael Stirling, who has taken Kildin Hall, is a retired baker. This is absolutely false. Mr. Stirling is a retired banker, than which nothing could be much more different. Mr. Stirling is at this moment too ill to read the papers, and the libel will therefore be kept from him a little longer, but what the consequences will be when he learns it I tremble to think. Kindly assure me that you will give the denial as much publicity as the falsehood. Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTA STIRRING.

VI.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mrs. Michael Stirling.

The Editor of The Easterham Herald

presents his compliments to Mrs. Stirling and begs to express his profound regret that the misprint of which she complains should have crept into his paper. That it was a misprint and not an intentional misstatement he has the reporter's copy to prove. He will, of course, insert in the next issue of *The Easterham Herald* a paragraph correcting the error, but he would point out to Mrs. Stirling that it was stated in the paragraph that Mr. Stirling would be a valued addition to the neighbourhood.

VII.

Mrs. Stirling to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

SIR,—Whatever the cause of the slander, whether malice or misadventure, the fact remains that you have done a very cruel thing. I enclose a cutting from the London Press, sent me by a friend, which will show you that the calumny is becoming widely spread. Mr. Stirling is so weak and dispirited that we fear he may have got some inkling of it. Your position if he knows the worst will be terrible.

I am, Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTA STIRRING.

VIII. (THE ENCLOSURE.)

From "The Morning Star."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We get the new movement in a nutshell in the report from Easterham that Lord Glossthorpe has let his house to a retired baker named Stirling, etc., etc.

IX.

From "The Easterham Herald," Sept. 9.

ERRATUM.—In our issue last week an unfortunate misprint made us state that the new tenant of Kildin Hall was a retired baker. The word was of course banker.

X.

Messrs. Greenery and Bills, Steam Bakery, Dumbidge.

DEAR SIR,—After the offensive way in which you refer to bakers in the current number of your paper we feel that we have no other course but to withdraw our advertisement; so please discontinue it from this date.

Yours faithfully,

GREENERY AND BILLS.

XI.

Mr. John Bridger, Baker, to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

DEAR ROBB,—I was both pained and surprised to find a man of your principles and a friend of mine writing of bakers as you did this week. Why should you "of course" have meant a banker? Why cannot a retired baker take a fine house if he wants to? I am thoroughly ashamed of you, and wish to

withdraw my advertisement from your paper. Yours truly, JOHN BRIDGER.

XII.

Mrs. Stirling to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

SIR,—I fear you have not done your best to check the progress of your slanderous paragraph, since only this morning I received the enclosed. You will probably not be surprised to learn that through your efforts the old-world paradise of Kildin, in which we hoped to end our days, has been closed to us.

Yours truly, AUGUSTA STIRRING.

XIII. (THE ENCLOSURE.)

From "The Daily Leader."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE DEMOCRACY.

After lying empty for nearly two years Lord Glossthorpe's country seat has been let to a retired baker named Stirling, etc., etc.

XIV.

Mrs. Michael Stirling to Mr. Guy Lander.

DEAR SIR,—After the way that the good name and fame of my husband and myself have been poisoned both in the local and the London Press, we cannot think further of coming to live at Kildin Hall. Every post brings from one or other of my friends some paragraph perpetuating the lie. Kindly therefore consider the negotiations completely at an end. I am, Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTA STIRRING.

XV.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mr. John Bridger.

DEAR BRIDGER,—You were too hasty. A man has to do the best he can. When I wrote "of course" I meant it as a stroke of irony. You will be glad to hear that in consequence of the whole thing I have got notice to leave, my proprietor being under obligations to Lord Glossthorpe, and you may therefore restore your patronage to *The Herald* with a pure conscience.

Yours sincerely, EDWARD ROBB.

XVI.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mrs. Stirling.

The Editor of *The Easterham Herald* presents his compliments to Mrs. Stirling for the last time, and again assures her that the whole trouble grew from the natural carelessness of an over-worked and underpaid compositor. He regrets sincerely the unhappiness which that mistake has caused, and looks forward to a day when retired bakers and retired bankers will be considered as equally valuable additions to a neighbourhood. In retirement, as in the grave, he likes to think of all men as equal. With renewed apologies for the foul aspersion which he cast upon Mr. and Mrs. Stirling, he begs to conclude.

THERE IS A DETAIL MISSING IN EACH OF THESE PICTURES—WHAT IS IT?



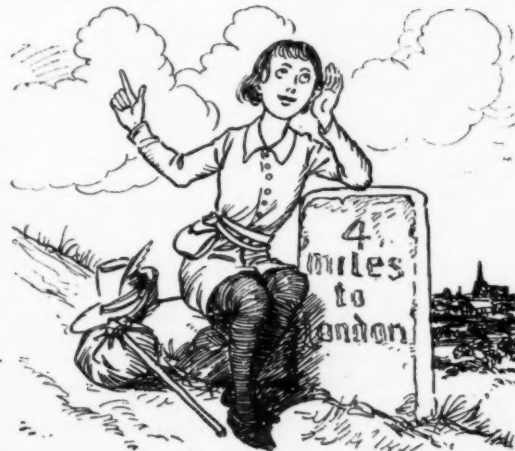
1. THE WELL-KNOWN PLAY-SCENE BY MACLISE.



2. AN HISTORICAL EXAMPLE OF CHIVALRY.



3. OLIVER CROMWELL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



4. A FAMILIAR PERSONAGE IN THE HISTORY OF THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON.

[We regret that *The Strand Magazine* has not continued its labours on the above lines, and we venture, with acknowledgments, to take on the good work.]

WILLIAM SMITH, EDITOR.

[The exciting revelations at the St. James' Theatre as to the inner life of the successful dramatist, with its interludes of plot and intrigue, may (we feel) cause the public to look down upon an editorial career as in comparison tame and insipid. We have endeavoured to show here that, on the contrary, Romance may invade the Editorial sanctum at any moment.]

ACT I.

The Editor's Room in the Office of "The Lark." Two walls of the room are completely hidden from floor to ceiling by magnificently bound books: the third wall at the back is hidden by boxes of immensely expensive cigars. The windows, of course, are in the fourth wall, which, however, need not be described, as it is never quite practicable on the stage. The floor of this apartment is chastely covered with rugs shot by the Editor in his travels, or in the Tottenham Court Road; and in some cases, presented by admiring readers from abroad. The furniture is both elegant and commodious.

William Smith, Editor, comes in. He is superbly dressed in a fur coat and an expensive cigar. There is a blue pencil behind his ear, and a sheaf of what we call in the profession "type-written manuscripts" under his arm. He sits down at his desk and pulls the telephone towards him.

Smith (at the telephone). Hallo, is that you, Jones? . . . Yes, it's me. Just come up a moment. (Puts down telephone and begins to open his letters.)

[Enter Jones, his favourite sub-editor. He is dressed quite commonly, and is covered with ink. He salutes respectfully as he comes into the room.]

Jones. Good afternoon, chief.

Smith. Good afternoon. Have a cigar?

Jones. Thank you, chief.

Smith. Have you anything to tell me?

Jones. The circulation is still going up, chief. It was three million and eight last week.

Smith (testily). How often have I told you not to call me "chief," except when there are ladies present? Why can't you do what you're told?

Jones. Sorry, sir, but the fact is there are ladies present.

Smith (fingering his moustache). Show them up. Who are they?

Jones. There is only one. She says she's the lady who has been writing our anonymous "Secrets of the Boudoir" series which has made such a sensation.

Smith (in amazement). I thought you told me you wrote those.

Jones (simply). I did.

Smith. Then why—

Jones. I mean, I did tell you. The truth is they came in anonymously, and I thought they were more likely to be accepted if I said I had written them. (With great emotion) Forgive me, chief, but it was for the paper's sake. (In matter-of-fact tones) There were one or two peculiarities of style I had to alter. She had a way of—

Smith (sternly). How many cheques for them have you accepted for the paper's sake?

Jones. Eight. For a thousand pounds each.

Smith (with tears in his eyes). If your mother were to hear of this—

Jones (sadly). Ah, chief, I have never had a mother.

Smith (slightly put out, but recovering himself quickly). What would your father say, if—

Jones. Alas, I have no relations. I was a foundling.

Smith (nettled). In that case I shall certainly tell the master of the workhouse. To think that there should be a thief in this office!

Jones (with great pathos). Chief, chief, I am not so vile as that. I have carefully kept all the cheques in an old stocking, and—

Smith (in surprise). Do you wear stockings?

Jones. When I bicycle. And as soon as the contributor comes forward—

Smith (stretching out his hand and grasping that of Jones). My dear boy, forgive me. You have been hasty, perhaps, but zealous. In any case, your honesty is above suspicion. Leave me now. I have much to think of. (Rests his head on his hands. Then, dreamily) You have never seen your father; for thirty years I have not seen my wife . . . Ah, Arabella!

Jones. Yes, sir. (Rings bell.)

Smith. She would split her infinitives. . . . We quarrelled. . . . She left me. . . . I have never seen her again.

Jones (excitedly). Did you say she split her infinitives?

Smith. Yes. That was what led to our separation. Why?

Jones. Nothing, only—it's very odd. I wonder—

[Enter Boy.]

Boy. Did you ring, Sir?

Smith. No. (To Jones) Did you?

Jones. Yes; you told me to. (Smith shakes his head.) Well, anyhow, Sir, what about the lady?

Smith. The lady? Ah, yes. (To Boy) Show her up, please. (Exit Boy.) You'd better clear out, Jones. I'll explain to her about the money.

Jones. Right you are, Sir. [Exit. [Smith leans back in his chair and stares in front of him.]

Smith (to himself). Arabella!

[Enter Boy, followed by a stylishly dressed lady of middle age.]

Boy. Mrs. Robinson. [Exit. [Mrs. Robinson stops short in the middle of the room and stares at the Editor; then staggers and drops on to the sofa.]

Smith (in wonder). Arabella!

Mrs. Robinson. William!

[Curtain.]

ACT II.

SCENE—As before. TIME—Half-an-hour later. William and Arabella are seated on the sofa.

Arabella. I had begun to almost despair. (Smith winces.) "Almost to despair," I mean, darling.

Smith (with a great effort). No, no, dear. You were right.

Arabella. How sweet of you to think so, William.

Smith. Yes, yes, it's the least I can say . . . And now, dear, what shall we do? Shall we get married again quietly?

Arabella. Wouldn't that be bigamy?

Smith. I think not, but I will ask the printer's reader. He knows everything. You see, there will be such a lot to explain, otherwise.

Arabella. Dear, can you afford to marry?

Smith. Well, my salary as editor is only twenty thousand a year, but I do a little reviewing for other papers.

Arabella. And I have—nothing. How can I come to you without even a trousseau?

Smith. Yes, that's true . . . (Suddenly) By Jove, though, you have got something! You have eight thousand pounds! We owe you that for your articles. (With a return to his professional manner) Did I tell you how greatly we all appreciated them? Excuse me a moment, love. (Goes to telephone.) Is that you, Jones? Just come here a moment. (To Arabella) Jones is my sub-editor; he is keeping your money for you.

[Enter Jones.]

Jones (producing an old stocking). I've just been round to my rooms to get that money—(sees Arabella)—oh, I beg your pardon.

Smith (waving an introduction). Mrs. Smith—my wife. This is our sub-editor, dear—Mr. Jones. (Arabella puts her hand to her heart and seems about to faint.) Why, what's the matter?

Arabella (hoarsely). Where did you get that stocking?

Smith (pleasantly). It's one he wears when he goes bicycling.

Jones. No; I misled you this afternoon, chief. This stocking was all the luggage I had when I first entered the Leamington workhouse.

Arabella (throwing herself into his

arms). My son! This is your father! William—our boy!

Smith (shaking hands with Jones). How are you? I say, Arabella, then that was one of my stockings?

Arabella (to her boy). When I saw you on the stairs you seemed to dimly remind me—

Jones. To remind you dimly, mother.

Smith. No, my boy. In future, nothing but split infinitives will appear in our paper. Please remember that.

Jones (with emotion). I will endeavour to always remember it, dad.

[Curtain.]

A. A. M.

TOO LATE.

[The sighting of a sea-serpent has recently been reported at Liverpool.]

August wept above our beaches,

Drew to its predestined term;

Still within secluded reaches

Lay the oceanic worm;

Never fluttered pinnace flying

Told of how his flank for miles

Coil on archéd coil was lying

Somewhere off the Scilly Isles.

Came September; flew the swallow;

Autumn lanes were lined with mud;

Sere October saw us wallow

Waist-deep in an ark-less flood;

Still no daring news exploiter

Wakened from its ooze-girt zone

Amphitrite's portent: REUTER

Simply left the thing alone.

Shall we now (when dark November

Also brings its share of rain)

Thrill through every awe-struck

member

At the serpent of the main?

Shall we now, when parties writhe on

Rocks about the Budget's fate,

Care for something like a python

Spotted by the second mate?

No, if stout papas at Brighton,

Listening to the breakers' scrunch,

Needed not that scare to lighten

Lethargy succeeding lunch;

Polls, I think, to-day before us,

Peers a-tremble for their doom,

Rob the laggard Dinosaurs

Of his too late-flowering bloom.

Pressmen leave him wandering vainly

Where upon the fog-bound blue

Captain Binks perceived him plainly

("As it might be me and you");

What to us are idle seamen's

Fancies, when we hourly shake

Under sheer delirium tremens

Fighting with the Fiscal snake?

"FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE
AT PORT SAID.

HOWE-STRANGE."

The Egyptian Gazette.

It is rather.



Rector. "SO YOUR SON IN LONDON IS TO BE MARRIED, EH?"

Mrs. Carter. "YESSIR, HE IS, AND TO A LADY ON THE STAGE, TOO—BUT NOT A HORRID SINFUL PLAY-ACTRESS. HE SAYS SHE'S A SERIO—WHICH SOUNDS QUITE ALL RIGHT, DON'T IT?"

"His fame as a teacher and as an operating surgeon has been carried to the four corners of the earth. By his writings he has reached even a wider circle."—*The Student*.

In fact he has always been a favourite in Mars.

"And last night's contest has took hold of sportsmen the world over."—*The Standard*.

We are more interested in the contest between *The Standard* and *The Westminster Gazette*, whose "has went" we quoted a week or two ago.

Under "Situations Vacant" in the *Guernsey Evening Press*, we read the simple announcement: "Beetroots by the Perch." It is intended to convey (we assume) that there is work for those who want it at this well-known but unsophisticated little village.

Unfortunate Affair in the Hunting Field.

"Caldecote New Gorse was drawn blank, but from the Leather Mills Gorse a fox was set going, and gave the hunt a splendid circular run towards Nuneaton and Sprin wood, back to Caldecote Hall, and on to Lindley, where the rearguard went to ground."—*Daily Mail*.

"The Municipal Elections took place throughout the country on Monday. In the provincial towns there has been very little change. The gains on one side have balanced the losses on the other."—*The Spectator*.

This happens so frequently nowadays, however, that it has ceased to be the subject of general remark.

From a testimonial:—

"I may say your Smearoleum was a great success here, keeping Hares and Rabbits from barking."

No more sleepless nights!



Parishioner (to the new Curate). "YES, SIR, I'VE BEEN A WIDOW FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS, AND NEVER REGRETTED IT."

THE DEATH OF EUCLID.

["Euclid, we are told, is at last dead, after two thousand years of an immortality that he never much deserved."—"The Times" Literary Supplement.]

A THRENODY for EUCLID! This is he
Who with his learning made our youth a waste,
Holding our souls in fee;
A god whose high-set crystal throne was based
Beyond the reach of tears,
Deeper than time and his relentless years!

Come then, ye Angle-Nymphs, and make lament;
Ye little Postulates, and all the throng
Of Definitions, with your heads besprent
In funeral ashes, ye who long
Worshipped the King and followed in his train;
For he is dead and cannot rise again.

Then from the shapes that beat their breasts and wept,
Soft to the light a gentle Problem stepped,
And, lo, her clinging robe she swiftly loosed
And with majestic hands her side produced:
"Sweet Theorem," she said, and called her mate,
"Sweet Theorem, be with me at this hour.
How oft together in a dear debate

We two bore witness to our Sovereign's power.
But he is dead and henceforth all our days

Are wrapped in gloom,
And we who never ceased to sing his praise
May weep our lord, but cannot call him from his tomb."

And, as they bowed their heads and to and fro
Wove in a mournful gait their web of woe,

Two sentinels forth came,
Their hearts aflame,
And moved behind the pair:

"Warders we are," they cried,
"Of these two sisters who were once so fair,
So joyous in their pride."

And now their massy shields they lifted high,
Embossed with letters three,
And, though a mist of tears bedimmed each eye,
The sorrowing Nymphs could see
Q., E. and F. on one, and on the other Q. E. D.

But on a sudden, with a hideous noise
Of joy and laughter rushed a rout of boys;
And all the mourners in affright
Scattered to left and right.

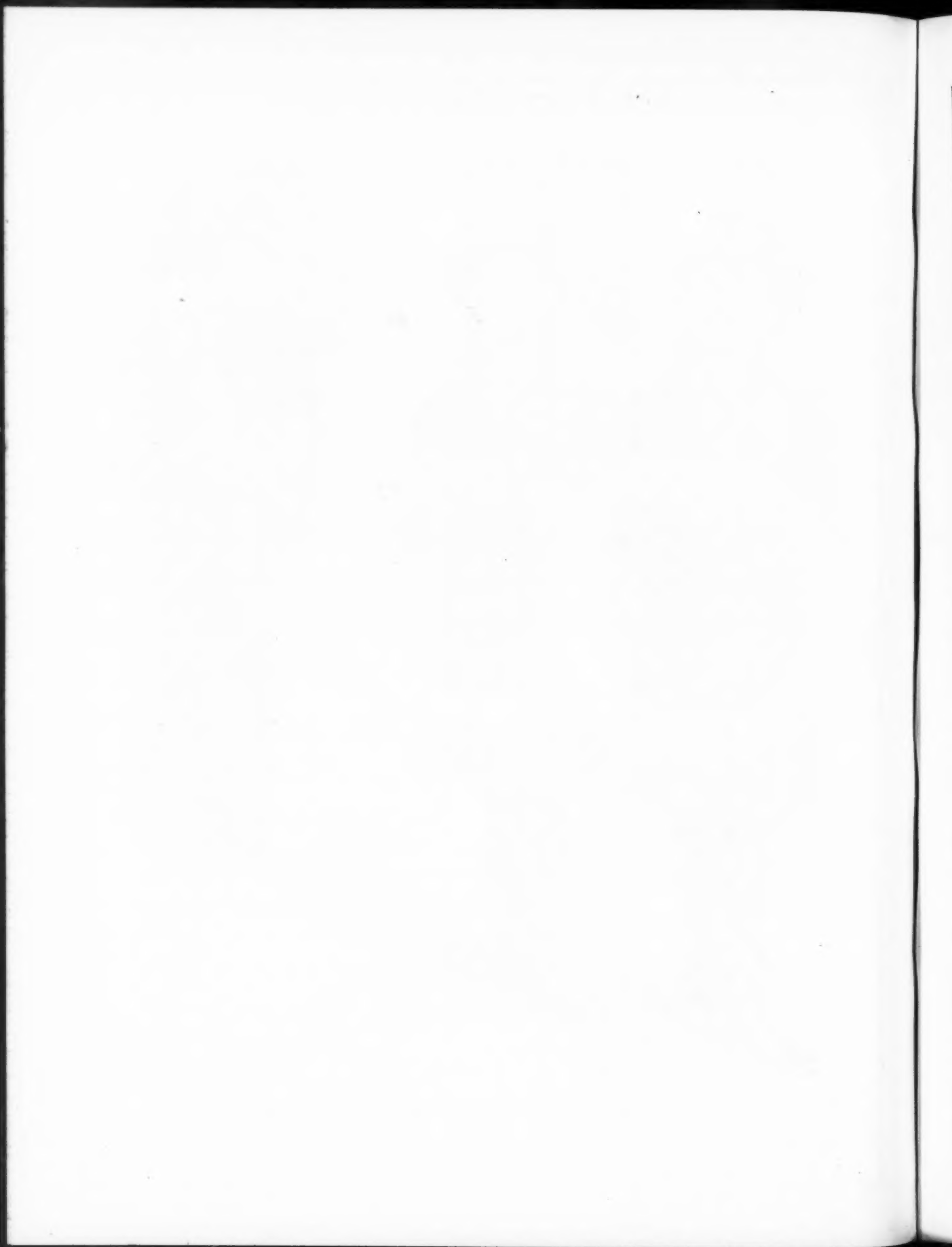
Problems and Theorems and Angles too,
Postulates, Definitions, Circles, Planes,
A jibbering crew,
With all their hoary gains
Of knowledge, from their monarch dead
Into the outer darkness shrieking fled.

And now with festal dance and laughter loud
Broke in the boyish and intruding crowd;
Nor did they fail,
Seeing that all the painful throng was sped,
To let high mirth prevail,
And raise the song of joy for EUCLID dead.



INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

THE CLOAKED FIGURE. "WELL, THEY SEEM TO BE COUNTING ON ME. PERHAPS IT'D BE A PITY TO DISAPPOINT 'EM."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 8th.

—House meets to-day with consciousness that it is poorer by the cutting off of one of its most modest and most distinguished members. Lord SELBY did not take prominent part in its proceedings. When he first entered it, stepping from the exalted position of the Speaker's Chair in the Commons, he characteristically took a back seat, whence he seldom rose to join in debate. He preferred the less obtrusive part of one who gives "sage counsel in cumber."

His views on current affairs were sought with avidity by both sides. When, at the instance of the present Opposition, a Committee was appointed to consider the possibility of reforming procedure in the Lords, Ministers and their few followers stood aside. Intent upon drastic reconstruction, they declined to dally with what promised to be a mere plastering-up of the ancient edifice. The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION approached Lord SELBY with invitation to "come over and help us." Though essentially not a Party man, he was loyal to his Party chief. He privily consulted him on the question, and on receiving cordial consent to follow personal inclination in the matter he joined the Committee and gave valuable aid to its deliberations.

To the universal regret on his final withdrawal from an arena which he endowed with dignity is added the reflection that the event happens on the eve of a crisis in the history of the House of Lords where his sound judgment, long experience, lofty moral and mental attitude, would have been of price above rubies.

It is an oft-told story how, nominated to the Speaker's Chair on the retirement of Mr. PEEL, Mr. GULLY was not known even by sight to one-third of the assembly. As Member for Carlisle, as in other relations of daily life, he never thrust himself to the front. Unexpectedly called to the Chair, he filled it with a courteousness that graced without weakening his unfailing vindication of its high authority. His appointment on the nomination of the meagre Liberal majority under the leadership of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was resisted by the Opposition. The honour was won for him by the narrow majority of eleven. This happened in April 1895. In August of the same year, the Unionists, returning with a majority that made them masters of the situation, and placed at their disposal the prizes that are the heritage of the victor, re-elected him by acclamation.

Thereafter, through ten eventful years he held the post, yearly growing in the



House of Lords Footman.—"Per'aps I hought to tell you, m'lord, as those persons from Mr. Hasquidge's hopposite are hall in the front of the 'Ouse again, a-throwin' down gloves, (wich they call gaunklets) like hanythink! Their hattitude and beyaviour is what your lordship might call unpleasantly threat'nin', I might halmost say middle-class!"

Lord Lansdowne.—"Oh, that's all right, James. You might just pick up all the gloves, you know. Very interesting mementos." [See next page.]

esteem of the House. A man of simple tastes, sweet nature, high culture, and supreme capacity, he added appreciably to the splendid traditions of the Speaker's Chair.

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silvery sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill.

Business done.—London Elections Bill thrown out on Second Reading by 157 against 40.

Thursday.—Merrily filling up the cup. Last week Irish Land Bill hacked about and returned for dead. On Monday short shrift given to LOULU's London Elections Bill. JOHN BURNS's Bill for the better planning of towns and the housing of populations, which passed the Commons by acclaim, severely handled in the melting pot.

"May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," said LANSDOWNE, sharpening his claymore.

Then in quavering voice that ill

assorted with desperate intent, he trolled his battle-song:

Come fill up the cup as full as you can;
Come call up my army of bold Backwoods-
men.
Fling wide the "No" lobby and let us go
free:
For it's up with the Budget of David
L. G.

To-day House Letting Bill comes back with reasons for disagreement to several of Lords' Amendments. CAMPERDOWN to the fore as usual. Ever desirous to remind House that if anything untimely were to happen to LANSDOWNE—(which Heaven forbid!)—they need not go Leaderless. Indeed, with titular coachman on the box, CAMPERDOWN always ready to take reins out of his hands and drive the next stage.

Heavily snubbed just now. Majority of Peers on Opposition Benches evidently disinclined to add to general wreck another useful non-controversial measure. CAMPERDOWN has no patience with such weakness. Up several times

on same Amendment. In the Commons this out of order. In the Lords no Standing Orders govern debate. Every Peer a law unto himself. LORD CHANCELLOR sitting on Woolsack with appearance and insignia of President has no power of restraint.

But there are limits to the patience of a Scotchman. On fourth popping up of the Irrepressible One, LORD CHANCELLOR observed: "It is not usual for noble Lords to speak more than once on the same subject."

Ministerialists cheered; Unionists tittered; CAMPERDOWN subsided.

Business done.—Noble Lords graciously refraining from insisting on Amendments to House Letting Bill disagreed with by Commons, the little one was saved.

"A brand snatched from the burning," sighed Lord CREWE.

THROUGH THE IVORY GATE.

THE recent announcement that a Servian Bishop was about to be tried on a charge of high treason for publicly stating that he had dreamed that King PETER was deposed has prompted the inquiry whether such experiences are common amongst our own leading men. Appended are the results of an investigation showing that this particular form of dream is by no means the monopoly of the Servian episcopacy.

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, who recently informed a representative of *The Daily Chronicle* that he "believed in having dreams and in turning them into realities," is reported to have had a strange vision the other day during a hard-earned nap between the Acts of *Trilby*. The renowned histrion dreamed that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER had abandoned the Stage for Parliament, that Mr. MARTIN HARVEY had become a Bishop, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE an Admiral, and Mr. H. B. IRVING a Judge.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, like SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, is a great dreamer. It is reported by a writer in *The Rational Review* that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE recently had a remarkable dream, in which Mr. ASQUITH resigned the Premiership and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was appointed Viceroy of India. On his communicating the dream to Mr. ASQUITH, the Premier remarked, with a merry twinkle, "My dear DAVID, I am delighted to hear it; you know that dreams always go by contraries."

By a strange coincidence on the same

night on which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had this dream, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE also dreamed that Mr. ASQUITH had resigned, but that it was Mr. LLOYD GEORGE who was appointed to succeed Lord MINTO.

"THE WORLD'S BOOKS BETTERED."

COMPLAINTS have been made that whereas the business man, the soldier, the artisan, the clerk, nay, even the shoeblack and the crossing-sweeper may now peruse the essence or pith of the World's Masterpieces in fortnightly paper editions, the Carmelite Press has as yet done nothing to cater for the more leisurely needs of bibliophiles,

present roominess, the Chronicles of Barchester with the remotest details of all the mechanism of all the minor canons, and Bradshaw's Guide with photogravures of the wayside villages, and double the usual number of trains. Everything will be done by experts: thus, to take a few instances:—

Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS extends and improves the Story of Eden from *Paradise Lost*.

CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN re-write and intensify the love-letters of ABELARD and HÉLOÏSE.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX out-Walters the Waverley Novels; and

Mr. HALL CAINE elaborates Mr. BERNARD SHAW's introduction to Mr. HALL CAINE's latest work, under the title of "The White Elephant."

Bound in rhinoceros hide, with medallion of Lord NORTHCLIFFE and PISISTRATUS on the covers, "THE WORLD'S BOOKS BETTERED" will be more than the limit. They will create an epoch. They will (as our American cousins say) be it.

From all bookstalls at 7 guineas per cwt.

"The result was that in the name of the City Fathers the nightmare of the tramway was placed on the breast of the city."

The Lahore Tribune.

No mixed metaphors for our jovial contemporary.

From an advertisement:

"A gentleman writes: 'After 25 years use I have found a cup of tea taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of — a great boon.'"

It is only right to give these remedies a fair trial before rushing into print about them.

"Prize Pugs.—Mrs. H. A. Reckitt, of Hastings, was a successful exhibitor in the rabbit classes at the Lewes Fanciers' Show on Thursday. He took two firsts and a second."—*Hastings Observer*.

If there is any point about which you are still doubtful, do not hesitate to write to us.

From a circular letter sent out by *The Daily Mail*:—

"Dear Sir,—I am endeavouring to ascertain the effect of the new Eight-Hour Act, and I should be glad if you could kindly let me know briefly how it affects the working of your mind."

Fortunately this letter came not to us but to a correspondent, so we need not confess.



SOME OF "THOSE PERSONS" WITH THE GLOVES.

litterati, bookworms, and connoisseurs. To meet this long-felt want, we are happy to announce that the aforementioned publishing house intends to compile and issue (once every blue moon) an improved and expanded edition of the gems of literature for the express benefit of students and millionaires. Remember that

"THE WORLD'S BOOKS BETTERED"

IS NOT A MERE REPUBLICATION.

It is a painting of the lilies of literature, a gilding of the golden coin of fancy, an enhancement of the noblest and greatest works of the greatest writers that have ever wrought.

How often have you not laid down some massive volume with a sigh, and said, "I wish there were more of it." Well, that is just what there is going to be. Try to imagine your *Homer* in duodecimeters, an *Inferno* of twice its

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ENCOURAGED by the splendid example of Mr. HENRY JAMES, the heroine of whose new novel "is a lady who has been engaged six times while her mother has three husbands," a number of other well-known novelists meditate similar excursions into matrimonial arithmetic. Thus Miss Susan P. Fergus, the famous Texas romancer, announces a story entitled *Polly Andry's Husbands*, the plot of which is of a most complicated character. *Polly*, who is a *maitresse femme* of the most pronounced type, marries simultaneously six husbands in six different States. Four of them had been married twice before, and the remaining two were monogams.

Another redoubtable novelist, Mrs. Gertrude Sparrowhawk, has just completed a charming tale called *Mamie's Relations*. *Mamie* is a little girl of seven whose mother has been divorced seven, and her father eight times. With that splendid tolerance which is such a fine feature of the smartest American society, *Mamie's* parents are in the habit of sending her on a round of visits to their previous partners. The confusion caused in the mind of the little visitor is most divertingly described in Mrs. Sparrowhawk's story, which has been "crowned" by the Academy of Griggsville.

A charming book of reminiscences which is shortly promised by the firm of Odder and Odder is *My Matrimonial Vicissitudes*, by the famous Portuguese pianist, Madame Forma Minto. Perhaps the *clou* of this delightful entertainment is the chapter in which she relates how, at the third concert of the Philharmonic Society's season some years ago, she played with the most brilliant success her fifth husband's fourth pianoforte concerto, and was six times recalled.

That distinguished peer-elect, Admiral Sir JOHN FISHER, O.M., G.C.B., is so deeply delighted, as he well may be, with the splendid appreciation from the pen of Mr. ARNOLD WHITE which appeared in *The Daily Chronicle*, that he is about to write a short biography of that illustrious publicist under the attractive title of "The Whitest Man I Know." Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, it will be remembered, used of Sir JOHN FISHER the memorable phrase: "He gives the impression of being elemental man in the midst of wax figures." Acting on this suggestion we understand that Messrs. TUSSAUD have ordered an animated and speaking effigy of our great Admiral, which will walk the quarterdeck with suitable nautical expressions at the hours of 12, 3, 6 and 9 every day.



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. V.

Catalogue description: "FOR SALE, GREY MARE, QUIET IN ALL HARNESS, ONLY SOLD OWING TO THE OWNER GOING IN FOR MOTOR CARS."

It is asserted that the LORD ADVOCATE is engaged on an historical romance abounding in the most improbable and fantastic incidents, of which the hero is *Prince Alexander*, the hereditary sovereign of Uritania.

"The Daily News" and the Prize Ring.

We were greatly shocked by a full column report of a prize-fight in the *Daily News* of November 9, bristling with such vulgar technicalities as "swung up his left," "hugging, interspersed with kidney punching," "Welsh again found the Londoner's face" and "put an upper-cut to the jaw." We can only suppose that this report was printed by oversight, and that our contemporary had quite intended to publish something like the following:—"We are informed by a press agency, which shall be nameless, that another of the brutal displays, for

which the National Sporting Club is notorious, took place last night. The contestants were two fine, strapping young fellows, Frederick Welsh, of Pontypridd, and John Summers, of Canning Town; and we cannot but think that their glowing health and splendidly-developed physique might have been put to some better purpose. It is not our intention to report this event in any detail; we place on record the fact that it happened, so that the public may know that this so-called sport of prize-fighting still exists in our midst. Our readers, by the way, may perhaps be interested to learn that "prize-ring" is really a misnomer, the space set apart for contests of this kind being, we understand, of a rectangular shape."

The Artistic Touch.

"A dainty box of Yarmouth bloaters or kippers sent carr. free." Look out for our charming sack of coals.

AT THE PLAY.

"LORRIMER SABISTON, DRAMATIST."

I HAVE my grave doubts whether the profession of British Dramatist is so established and assured that it can afford to make merry in the open at its own expense. Nor am I certain that the cynical reflections of a playwright upon his own art—very right and profitable, no doubt, in the private circle—are likely to afford much entertainment to the general public, for one must not judge by the almost professional sympathy of a first-night audience. Yet if Mr. CARTON is not depending for success on his exposure of the humours of his trade, I don't quite see what he is depending on; for he makes no recognisable appeal to the elemental emotions. In the whole play there is only one moment of strong feeling, and even then the processes that led up to it had been conducted off the stage.

But, anyhow, his play suffers from a fundamental flaw which makes the whole fabric shaky from the start. *Lorrimer Sabiston* is a dramatist who has hitherto taken the side of the angels and grown rich beyond the dreams of dramatic avarice by giving the public what they want—anæmic propriety with virtue ever triumphant. But suddenly, taking the nether powers into his confidence, he writes the real thing, a veritable hair-raiser, entitled "One Law for the Woman." He dares not produce this in his own name for fear of alienating the British matron. So he induces *Noel Darcus*, a starving young playwright, to let it be fathered on him under a mutual bond of secrecy. It never seems to have occurred to *Sabiston* that he might just as well have produced the play anonymously and saved himself from the grossness of taking advantage of the poor boy's extreme need. This is not the first time—*The Builder of Bridges* was another case—where the character played by Mr. ALEXANDER has cheerfully undertaken to behave intolerably without any apparent sign on the part of either author or actor that he was being asked to do anything outside the day's work of an English gentleman.

Well, the play had a great vogue (I don't know how it eluded the Censor or what the police were doing at the time), and then came a very pretty touch of irony. *Sabiston's* friend, *Lady Cheynley*, with whom his prospects of elopement were beginning to look quietly rosy, throws him over for the supposed author of the town-shaking play, whom she assumes to be made of the same virile fibre as his alleged creation. But even this dramatic situation loses much of its effect by the ill-judged humours of a scene in which the aggrieved husband presents a figure of farce.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER made up for his regrettable absence from *Mid-Channel* by being on the stage for the best part of the whole three hours. He threw off his almost continuous speeches—consisting largely of metaphors, the kind that you have to think out over night—with astonishing fluency and good nature. But apart from this feat he was not called upon for a great effort. It seemed that at any moment he might be required to do some acting, but the moment never came, except that just before the final Act he suffered a brief spasm of depression on hearing



Noel Darcus (Mr. GODFREY TEARLE) to *Lorrimer Sabiston* (Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER). "Mind, if I accept it, it's only because I'm starving."

[Note.—*Noel Darcus* is the hollow, attenuated figure on the right.]

that he could never hope to be the co-respondent in the *Cheynley* suit.

I ought to add that he wore a horned moustache and a short pointed beard, which went admirably with a certain Mephistophelian quality in the character of *Sabiston*. These trimmings were inaccurately referred to as "whiskers" by someone in the gallery who wished "GEORGE" to take them off; but I sincerely hope that Mr. ALEXANDER will not be foolish enough to follow the advice of this intimate humourist.

Miss BERYL FABER played the part of *Lady Cheynley* very naturally, like a woman of the world who has exchanged her illusions for a little quiet philosophy, and is therefore the very last kind of person to want to run away with a half-baked genius. Life with *Sabiston* and with *Darcus* she compared respectively to a minuet and a tarantella, and selected the latter. Yet I could not bring myself to picture Miss FABER as dancing so

frenzied a measure with any conceivable partner. She spoke throughout with a level calm which declined to distinguish between what was worth saying and what was not. Thus, to the popular platitude, "There is nothing so certain in life as its uncertainties," she appeared to give the same value as she gave to the best of Mr. CARTON's novelties.

Mr. GODFREY TEARLE's performance in the invidious part of *Noel Darcus* was a sketch in the rough, showing strength without finish. If *Darcus* had not assured us with his own lips that he had been at Harrow as well as Oxford, I might have mistaken him for a RHODES scholar. Mr. LOWNE, in his usual part of friendly critic, was as delightfully human as ever; and of Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS, who played a Press interviewer, I could have wished to see a great deal more. Miss ROSALIE TOLLER was a really picturesque *ingénue*; but her young man, the *Rev. Eberard Bayne* (Mr. MARTIN LEWIS) looked more like a chorister than a curate. Mr. JAMES CAREW (as *Sir Henry Cheynley*) did a kind of rude justice to a part that needed Mr. FREDERICK KEIR to make it seem probable.

The play was full of happy turns of phrase, but these hardly made up for its transparent *naïveté* of construction. There was no movement, except that when two people thought that they had exhausted our patience they got up and changed their seats; or when one of them had to be manoeuvred out of the way the typewriter came in; and announced the arrival of a dressmaker or a call on the telephone. Pipes and eighteen-penny cigars were in frequent requisition to tide over the embarrassments of a sedentary life.

As for the metaphors already referred to, I should have been better pleased if their quality had been as generous as their quantity. To *Sabiston's* reminder that he has given him a stepping-stone to fame and fortune, *Noel Darcus*, recognising that his own fount of inspiration is likely to remain unproductive, replies: "What is the good of a stepping-stone when the stream is dry?" I have taken this metaphor home in my head and tried to work it out, but it makes no sort of sense in the context. They are not even talking about the same kind of stepping-stone.

Wit and enterprise and many other excellent features abound in Mr. CARTON's new work; but I must have my final snarl, and say that when a dramatic author sets out to ridicule, with however light a touch, the foibles of his fellow-craftsmen—and in what is professedly a play, not a lecture—he is bound to provide an object-lesson that is above reproach. The critic, on the other hand, has no such responsibility. Hence these brave strictures. O. S.



Ardent Golfer (on the eternal subject). "THEY TELL ME OLD SIMPKINS HAS GONE RIGHT OFF HIS BAFFY——"
Aunt Amelia. "Ah, I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT MAN PECULIAR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NEXT to coming into closer touch with the South Pole than the foot of mortal man ever before carried him, Lieutenant SHACKLETON (whom the world to-day acclaims as Sir ERNEST) achieved his most stupendous work when he completed *The Heart of the Antarctic* (HEINEMANN). It is the biggest thing recently produced in the world of books. By happy chance the author, richly equipped by nature with the qualities that go to make a great explorer, has a literary style of rare excellence. In the story of a journey that brought him within a hundred miles of the South Pole he compels the least imaginative to realise very vividly the marvellous things he experienced; and this with the apparent absence of effort that is the perfection of art. Unaided by subvention from the Exchequer, he raised a sum of money sufficient to justify him in planning the expedition. The work, upon perfection of whose details depended the safety of his own life and those of his companions, was personally supervised by him. Nothing was left to chance. The reward of this care was gathered throughout the expedition, there being at no point a break-down in the equipment.

What strikes one in reading the wondrous tale is the deathless hope, the dauntless good humour that faced the awful difficulties daily recurring. "When things seem at the worst they turn to their best," is SHACKLETON'S favourite axiom, the sure foundation of his philosophy. It proved triumphant to the last. Famished, cramped, bruised with frequent falls over sharp ice, cut to the bone by icy gales

that sometimes travelled at the rate of seventy miles an hour, snow-blinded, frost-bitten, SHACKLETON and his two companions who made the final Southern journey held on till, literally, they fell down. They turned back for the simple but sufficient reason that their food supply was exhausted. "Whatever regrets may be we have done our best," is SHACKLETON'S half-apology for giving up the quest for the mystic Pole. The two sumptuous volumes are profusely illustrated with photographs taken on the spot, and are further enriched by valuable maps which mark new territory.

Clearly I ought to be grateful to certain publishers for their friendly lead in the matter of criticism so kindly given me upon the wrappers of their books, because if it could ever happen that the reviewer were too unconscientious to read— Happily, however, in the case of Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE such a contingency is little likely to arise, and her latest story, *The Tyrant* (METHUEN), is as full as ever of those qualities which have gained her so many admirers. Personally, I always think of this charming author chiefly as the chronicler of delightful mothers. No one else can write of them quite so tenderly and well. We all know how fortunate Peter was in this respect, and now in *Mrs. Kemys* the author has given us yet another wholly lovable parent. But poor *Mrs. Kemys* had a husband, the Squire of Nantgwilt, and the "tyrant" of the title, whose avarice and despotic temper made the beautiful Welsh home a place of misery for wife and children and household. Suddenly, however, *Richard Kemys* is called away on a voyage, and a chance discovery (what that was you must find out for yourself) enables his long-suffering wife to

turn the tables. This is huge fun. The house becomes transformed, money is lavished, the sons are made happy, the daughters sought in marriage. And while everybody concerned, including the author, is having a thoroughly happy time, the tyrant-squire returns unexpectedly. And then comes yet another surprise, in the very tender and beautiful ending to an altogether charming book.

Acting on the eponymous principle, when I took up *Above All Things* (LONG) and found that its author was W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, I settled down comfortably for a four-hours' journey into the West Country; and this was rather foolish, for as a matter of fact a twopenny 'bus fare from Charing Cross would have covered the whole geography of the plot. And, to tell the truth, if it happened to be a wet day and the vehicle a motor-bus, there might have been some more exciting incidents. *Above All Things* is a very simple story of the variations of sentiment amongst some very ordinary people, the only entanglement being that one of the ladies is already married, and it has to be discovered that her husband is really dead and being impersonated by an impostor before her hand is free. The author has made the mistake, I think, of trying to transfer interest from one heroine to another. It was no use to tell me (in so many words) that Arthur began to find he was really in love with Kate, and that John, who was supposed to adore her, underwent a similar cardiac change, and fastened his affections on May. May met Arthur at the beginning of the book, and I was prepared to like her, whereas nothing was done from an artistic point of view to make me feel interested in Kate. John was dull, and he would have suited her nicely. After all, it is my feelings that have to be considered, and, waiving this, why, in the name of LONG, has the book been entitled, *Above All Things*? If any of the people had lived in one of those very new blocks of flats, or had owned an aeroplane, I could have understood it; but as most of the action takes place in Vincent Square, Westminster, and nobody even contemplates aviation, I confess it beats me altogether.

Esther Carey, The Bride (METHUEN)—not of Abydos, but of St. John's Wood, where the artists come from—was a daring young woman to marry the man she did. *Armstrong* by name and *Armstrong* by nature, everything about him was strong, especially his temper. He was, as she told him, a fearful spectacle when he was in a rage. The day after they became engaged she paid him a surprise visit in his studio, where she knew he would be working at his statue, "The Bride." And, lo and behold (*horresco referens*), she saw two brides besides herself—the white marble statue, and another white figure "with brown hair heaped upon its head." As she had never seen a model before, she fainted on the spot. When she came to, *Armstrong*, after indulging in a little *Armstrong* language, set to work to smash the beautiful head of the marble bride with some heavy instrument. Whereupon *Esther* fled "as if from the presence of a lunatic." And yet she married him in the end. MISS GRACE RHYS in

the first part of her story describes *Esther's* efforts to make a living after her ruined and disgraced father had departed this life, leaving his wife and daughter to sink or swim in the stormy seas of workaday London. The text of the book is that adversity is the best discipline. But unless *Armstrong* has seen fit since his marriage to bridle his temper I can't help thinking that *Esther* will sometimes sigh for the relatively easy trials of her pre-nuptial state.

JOHN AYSCOUGH, having recently published a book entitled *A Roman Tragedy and Others* (ARROWSMITH), now states that to have called his new book (*San Celestino*) a tragedy would have been to challenge just castigation, "for its author cannot handle tragedy." Fortunately it is not for me to dispute this. The protagonists of "A Roman Tragedy" devote some seventy pages to a laborious development of their characters and make little progress with their plot until they are within thirty pages of their end. Then, realising their unpunctuality, they achieve a hasty climax of murder and sudden death and leave nothing for the last twenty pages but retrospective explanations. Of the "others" the last two only are good, a third, "Rever-

sions," opening hopefully with a lively account of a gallant captain's matrimonial enterprise, but concluding dismally with a surfeit of opportune coincidence. Mr. AYSCOUGH's new book, *San Celestino*, is described by its publishers (SMITH, ELDER) as a work that throws fresh light upon the career of CELESTIUS V., the man ever remembered for his connection with the "gran' rifiuto." It expressly disclaims any historical intention, and so cannot be criticised upon points of accuracy. It denies itself the title of a novel, and so cannot be blamed for lack of sustained dramatic interest. But even by describing it as "an essay in reconstruction" the author has not avoided by anticipation all fault-finding, for there is about it a jerkiness of writing that no sub-title can excuse. Yet in the simplicity of this imaginative biography of the hermit saint, who was made Pope against his will and had

the bright idea of sending in a resignation, there is so much that is attractive and powerful that I wish I were a school-master with the author as my pupil. "AYSCOUGH," I should have said, "this might have been an excellent essay of yours. Tear up that copy and write it all over again."

A modern Jonah.

Extract from Col. PATTERSON'S book *In the Grip of the Nyika* :—

"The game ranger was dazed for a few moments by the shock, but when he came to his senses he found himself being carried off in the maw of the lion."

The italics are ours; the humiliating and congested situation was the game ranger's.

"GOLF."

At Sunningdale, on Saturday, Oxford University beat the home side by 7 goals to 4. (Picture on page 9.)

Page 9, however, was a distinct disappointment.



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